**Rosa**  
*By Rita Dove*

How she sat there,  
the time right inside a place  
so wrong it was ready.

That trim name with  
its dream of a bench  
to rest on.

Her sensible coat.

Doing nothing was the doing:  
the clean flame of her gaze  
carved by a camera flash.

How she stood up  
when they bent down to retrieve  
her purse.

That courtesy.